

HYMNS
ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

JOHN ELLERTON.

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HYMNS,
ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

HYMNS



ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

✓ BY

JOHN ELLERTON,

RECTOR OF WHITE RODING.

London :

SKEFFINGTON & SON, 163, PICCADILLY.

—
1888.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD CREWE,
IN REMEMBRANCE OF NEARLY THIRTY YEARS
OF UNBROKEN FRIENDSHIP AND
CONTINUAL KINDNESSES.

White Roding,
April, 1888.

Morning.

ANOTHER day begun !
Lord, grant us grace that we,
Before the setting of the sun,
Redeem the time for Thee.

Another day of toil !
To Thee we yield our powers ;
Keep Thou our souls from guilty soil
Through all the passing hours.

Another day of fear !
For watchful is our foe ;
And sin is strong, and death is near,
And short our time below.

Another day of hope !
For Thou art with us still ;
And Thine almighty strength can cope
With all who seek our ill.

Another day of grace
To help us on our way !
One step towards the Resting-place
The eternal Sabbath-day.

FEBRUARY 13, 1871.

Midday.

[FOR A CITY CHURCH.]

BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care ;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought ;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea ;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know ;
And claim the Kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done ;
And prayer by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

Ebening.

" THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended ; *Am. W. Hull*
 The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
 To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
 Thy praise shall sanctify our rest. *halles not"*
Ch. Hy. '71

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
 While earth rolls onward into light,
 Through all the world her watch is keeping,
 And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
 The Dawn leads on another day,
 The voice of prayer is never silent,
 Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
 Our brethren 'neath the Western sky,
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making
 Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord ; Thy Throne shall never
 Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
 Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
 Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

Evening.

[AFTER SERVICE, SUNDAYS OR FESTIVALS.]

BEFORE the day draws near its ending,
And evening steals o'er earth and sky,
Once more to Thee our hymns ascending
Shall speak Thy praises, Lord Most High.

Thy Name is blessed by countless numbers
In vaster worlds, unseen, unknown,
Whose duteous service never slumbers,
In perfect love, and faultless tone.

Yet Thou wilt not despise the weakest
Who here in spirit bend the knee ;
Thy Christ hath said, Thou Father seekest
For such as these to worship Thee.

And through the swell of chanting voices,
The blended notes of age and youth,
Thine ear discerns, Thy Love rejoices
When hearts rise up to Thee in truth.

O Light all clear ! O Truth all holy !
O boundless Mercy pardoning all !
Before Thy Feet, abashed and lowly,
With one last prayer Thy children fall :—

When we no more on earth adore Thee,
And others worship here in turn,
Oh may we sing that song before Thee
Which none but Thy redeemed can learn !

Ebening.

FATHER, in Thy glorious dwelling,
All Thy works Thy praise are telling,
 Resting neither day nor night ;
With the hymns of Thy creation
Let our evening adoration
 Rise accepted in Thy sight.

Oh forgive the day now ended !
Sin with all its work is blended,
 Marring praise, restraining prayer :
Yet for every past transgression
One prevailing Intercession
 Pleads, to succour and to spare.

Trustful then, though all unworthy,
May we rest this night before Thee,
 Compassed by Thine angel-host ;
God Who madest and providest ;
God Who savest, God Who guidest ;
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

Sunday.

MORNING.

THIS is the day of Light :

Let there be light to-day !

O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of Rest :

Our failing strength renew ;

On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of Peace :

Thy Peace our spirits fill !

Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of Prayer :

Let earth to heaven draw near !

Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.

This is the day of Bread—

The Bread which Thou wilt give :

To-day for us Thy Feast is spread,
That hungering souls may live.

This is the First of days :

Send forth Thy quickening breath,

And wake dead souls to love and praise,

O Vanquisher of Death !

Sunday.

AFTERNOON.

[CLOSE OF SERVICE.]

THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive ;
His gift of Peace on us descend,
Before His courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road ;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be near to God.

The Lord be with us till the night
Enfold our day of rest ;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

The Lord be with us through the hours
Of slumber calm and deep ;
Protect our homes, renew our powers,
And guard His people's sleep.

Sunday.

EVENING.

[CLOSE OF SERVICE.]

OUR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

Sunday.

EVENING.

[AFTER SERVICE, SUNDAYS OR FESTIVALS.]

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise :
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease ;
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night ;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day :
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. AMEN.

[Revised 1868.]

*From the 1871 Book of Praise
Ch. 10, 2. Verse 12. 1871.*

Sunday.

EVENING.

[ORIGINAL FORM OF THE LAST HYMN.]

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night ;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace—the peace Thou didst bestow
On Thine Apostles in Thine hour of woe ;
The peace Thou broughtest when at eventide
They saw Thy piercèd Hands, Thy wounded Side.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life ;
Peace to Thy Church from error and from strife ;
Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and love,
Peace in each heart, Thy Spirit from above ;

Thy peace in life, the balm of every pain ;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again ;
In that dread hour speak Thou the soul's release,
And call it, Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Hymn for Wednesday.

THOU in whose name the two or three
Are met to-day to meet with Thee,
Fulfil to us Thine own sure word,
And be Thou here Thyself, O Lord !

To-day our week, but now begun,
Already half its course hath run ;
To Thee are known its toils and cares,
To Thee its trials and its snares.

Thou by whose grace alone we live,
Our oft-repeated sins forgive ;
Be Thou our counsel, help, and stay,
Through all the perils of our way.

Give thankful hearts Thy gifts to share ;
Give steadfast wills Thy cross to bear ;
And when life's working days are past,
Give rest with all Thy saints at last.

Circumcision of Christ.

KING Messiah, long expected,
Thou art come unto Thine own !
Promised Seed of the elected,
Heir foretold of David's throne !
Long for Thee they watched and hearkened—
King and Patriarch, Priest and Seer ;
Faith waxed cold, and hope was darkened ;
When men looked not—Thou wert here.

In the time and place appointed,
When the ordered years had sped,
Came the Prince, the true Anointed,
To His Throne, the manger-bed :
There the Infant King fulfilling
All things for His people's sake,
Learned to-day obedience willing,
Deigned the covenant-seal to take.

Surely in that hour of wonder
Faithful Abraham, in his rest,
Saw the shadows part asunder,
Saw Thy dawning, and was blest :
Surely then the gracious vision
Through Thine unseen Kingdoms thrilled,
And in Jesu's Circumcision
Ages knew their hope fulfilled.

Father of the new creation !
Prophet of the latter time !
Leader of the ransomed nation
To the better Canaan's clime !
Though from Gentile stock arising
Alien branches once were we,
Thou hast said, in our baptizing
We are circumcised in Thee.

So this day with new thanksgiving
Shall Thy faithful seed draw near ;
So, 'mid prayers for holier living,
Praise shall deck our opening year :
Praise, because our feast-day sees us
Built on Thee the Corner-Stone ;
And the mighty name of Jesus
Binds to-day the world in one !

JANUARY, 1871.

Presentation of Christ in the Temple.

HAIL to the Lord who comes,
Comes to His Temple gate !
Not with His angel-host,
Not in His kingly state ;
No shouts proclaim Him nigh,
No crowds His coming wait.

But borne upon the throne
Of Mary's gentle breast,
Watched by her duteous love,
In her fond arms at rest ;—
Thus to His Father's house
He comes, the heavenly Guest.

There Joseph at her side
In reverent wonder stands,
And, filled with holy joy,
Old Simeon in his hands
Takes up the promised Child,
The Glory of all lands.

Hail to the Great First-born
Whose ransom-price they pay !
The Son before all worlds ;
The Child of Man to-day ;
That He might ransom us
Who still in bondage lay.

O Light of all the earth,
Thy children wait for Thee !
Come to Thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before Thy Father's face
May all presented be !

OCTOBER 6, 1880.

Septuagesima.

OH how fair that morning broke,
When in Eden man awoke !
Beast and bird and insect bright
Revelled in the gladsome light ;
God looked down from Heaven above,
All was life and joy and love.

Ah, the doleful change, when sin
Darkly, subtly, entered in !
War and pestilence and dearth
Mar and sadden God's fair earth ;
Human sorrow fills the air ;
Death is reigning everywhere.

Yet rejoice ; for God on high
Hath not left His world to die ;
God's dear Son with dying breath
Broke the power of Sin and Death :
Christ the Tempter overthrew ;
Christ is making all things new.

Lord, in me be sin subdued ;
So may I with heart renewed,
Fight the fight, and run the race,
Work in my appointed place ;
Waiting for the glad new birth
Of Thy perfect Heaven and earth.

Good Friday.

[MIDDAY.]

THRONED upon the awful Tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee ;
Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone.

Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers ;
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud !
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—can it be ?
“ Why hast Thou forsaken Me ? ”

Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, Who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

Good Friday.

[EVENING.]

ONCE more Thy Cross before our view
Has stood uplifted all the day,
And here have come Thy faithful few
With Thee to fast and weep and pray.

The busy world that knows Thee not,
And daily crucifies Thee still,
Has passed unmarked the sacred spot,
In thoughtless mirth or proud self-will.

Yet, O most patient King of grief,
Thy Cross is still the healing Tree ;
And precious balms from every leaf
Have dropt on those who watched with Thee.

Thy sevenfold words of love and power
Are ever mighty, ever new ;
Thy prayer goes up this very hour
For those who know not what they do.

Thy promised rest new hope has brought
To hearts this day bowed down by sin ;
Thy parting charge new tasks has taught
That those who love Thee may begin.

The gloom that veiled Thy soul's true Sun ;
The thirst that parched Thy anguished frame ;
The cry that told of victory won ;
The dying breath—Thy Father's Name ;

These all are ours ; oh may they lie
Deep hid within our hearts, we pray,
That we may learn with Thee to die,
And wait with Thee our Easter day.

1875.

Conversion of St. Paul.

WE sing the glorious conquest
Before Damascus' gate,
When Saul the Church's spoiler
Came breathing threats and hate :
The ravening wolf rushed forward
Full early to the prey ;
But lo ! the Shepherd met him,
And bound him fast to-day !

Oh Glory most excelling
That smote across his path !
Oh Light that pierced and blinded
The zealot in his wrath !
Oh Voice that spake within him
The calm reproving word !
Oh Love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord !

O Wisdom ordering all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet !
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at Thine employ,
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy !

Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson,
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger
To trust Thy hidden power.
Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen Saint can find !

FEB. 28, 1871.

St. Barnabas.

O SON of God, our Captain of salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
We thank Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief :—

Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host ;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast :—

Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again :—

And all true workers, patient, kind, and skilful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick bed and share the children's mirth.

Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet ;
He whose new name through every Christian nation
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,
Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye ;"
Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee.

St. Matthias.

PRAISE to the Heavenly Wisdom
Who knows the hearts of all,—
The saintly life's beginnings,
The traitor's secret fall :
Our own ascended Master,
Who heard His Church's cry,
Made known His guiding presence,
And ruled her from on high.

Elect in His foreknowledge
To fill the lost one's place,
He formed His chosen vessel
By hidden gifts of grace ;
Then, by the lot's disposing,
He lifted up the poor,
And set him with the Princes
On high for evermore.

For on the golden breastplate
Of our great Priest above
Twelve are the stones that glisten
As throbs that Heart of Love ;
And twelve the fair foundations
Of Salem's jasper wall ;
And twelve the thrones predestined
Within her judgement hall.

No mystic gem is lacking
In that divine array ;
No empty throne shall darken
The glory of that day :
For, lo ! on Twelve the Spirit,
The Father's Promise, came ;
And Twelve went forth together
To preach the saving Name.

So when of old the high ones,
The stars of morning, fell,
And God's apostate angels
Became the hosts of hell ;
New marvels of creation—
Eternal Love ordained,
And man, in God's own image,
The forfeit Kingdom gained.

Still guide Thy Church, Great Shepherd !
Her losses still renew ;
Be Thy dread keys entrusted
To faithful hands and true :
Apostles of Thy choosing
May all her rulers be,
That each with joy may render
His last account to Thee.

St. Bartholomew.

KING of Saints, to whom the number
Of Thy starry host is known,
Many a name by man forgotten
Lives for ever round Thy throne :
Lights which earth-born mists have darkened
There are shining full and clear ;
Princes in the court of Heaven,
Nameless, unremembered here.

In the roll of Thine Apostles,
One there stands, Bartholomew,
He for whom to-day we offer
Year by year our praises due ;
How he toiled for Thee and suffered
None on earth can now record ;
All his saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of his Lord.

Was it he, beneath the fig-tree
Seen of Thee, and guileless found ;
He who saw the Good he longed for
Rise from Nazareth's barren ground ;
He who met his risen Master
On the shore of Galilee ;
He to whom the word was spoken,
" Greater things thou yet shalt see ? "

None can tell us ; all is written

 In the Lamb's great book of life ;—

All the faith, and prayer, and patience,

 All the toiling and the strife :

There are told Thy hidden treasures :—

 Number us, O Lord, with them

When Thou makest up the jewels

 Of Thy living diadem !

St. Simon and St. Jude.

THOU Who sentest Thine Apostles
Two and two before Thy face,
Partners in the night of toiling,
Heirs together of Thy grace ;
Throned at length, their labours ended,
Each in his appointed place :

Praise to Thee for those Thy champions
Whom our hymns to-day proclaim :—
One whose zeal, by Thee enlightened,
Burned anew with nobler flame ;
One, the kinsman of Thy childhood,
Brought at last to know Thy Name.

Praise to Thee ! Thy fire within them
Spake in love and wrought in power ;
Seen in mighty signs and wonders
In Thy Church's morning hour ;
Heard in tones of sternest warning,
When the storms began to lour.

Once again those storms are breaking ;
Hearts are failing, love grows cold ;
Truth is darkened, sin abounding ;
Grievous wolves assail Thy fold :
Save us, Lord, our One Salvation !
Save the Faith revealed of old.

Call the erring by Thy pity ;
Warn the tempted by Thy fear ;
Keep us true to Thine allegiance,
Counting life itself less dear ;
Standing firmer, holding faster,
As we see the end draw near.

Till with holy Jude and Simon,
And the thousand faithful more,
We, the good confession witnessed,
And the life-long conflict o'er,
On the sea of fire and crystal
Stand, and wonder, and adore.

God the Father, great and wondrous
In Thy works, to Thee be praise ;
King of Saints, to Thee be glory,
Just and true in all Thy ways ;
Praise to Thee, from Both proceeding,
Holy Ghost, through endless days.

JUNE 2ND, 1874.

Baptism.

O FATHER, bless the children
Brought hither to Thy gate ;
Lift up their fallen nature,
Restore their lost estate ;
Renew Thine image in them,
And own them, by this sign,
Thy very sons and daughters,
New-born of birth divine.

O Jesu Lord, receive them ;
Thy loving Arms of old
Were opened wide to welcome
The children to Thy fold ;
Let these, baptized, and dying,
Then rising from the dead,
Henceforth be living members
Of Thee their living Head.

O Holy Spirit, keep them ;
Dwell with them to the last,
Till all the fight is ended,
And all the storms are past.
Renew the gift baptismal,
From strength to strength, till each
The troublous waves o'ercoming
The land of life shall reach.

O Father, Son, and Spirit,
O Wisdom, Love, and Power,
We wait the promised blessing
In this accepted hour !
We name upon the children
The Threefold Name divine ;
Receive them, cleanse them, own them,
And keep them ever Thine.

1886.

Catechizing.

MARY at the Master's feet
Sat to hear His gracious word ;
So before Thy face we meet :
Still be Thou our Teacher, Lord !

In Thy Father's temple Thou
Once the scholar's place didst fill ;
Look on these Thy scholars now,
Come like Thee to learn His will.

Word by word, and line by line,
Infant lips their faith profess ;
Creed, and Law, and Prayer Divine—
Mystery of godliness !

Greater far than yet they know
Are the words they speak in turn ;
Angels long to look into
Things which Christian children learn !

Open, Lord, Thy boundless store,
In Thy wisdom may we grow ;
Learning daily more and more,
Till Thy perfect Truth we know.

Confirmation.

FATHER ! Name of love and fear !
Lo ! Thy children venture near ;
Trembling at Thy footstool stand ;
Lowly kneel beneath Thy Hand ;—

Stand—to speak the great “ I do,”
And the threefold vow renew ;
Kneel—to ask the Gift Divine
Sealing us for ever Thine.

Thine we were, before our eyes
Opened first on earth and skies ;
Thine, before our lips could frame
This Thy dear and awful Name ;

Thine, when on each infant face
Dropped the dewy pledge of grace,
Then, by Jesus' dying sign,
Marked, and claimed, and owned as Thine.

Through our childhood's joys and fears,
Through our schooltide's passing years,
Love Divine, unchanging, free,
Called and drew our hearts to Thee.

Thou hast helped us ; Thou hast taught
All the works Thy love hath wrought ;
All our lost and evil case ;
All the marvels of Thy grace.

Sinful hearts indeed and weak
Here Thy promised blessing seek ;
Small our might, and strong our foe ;
Yet the Saving Name we know.

In that Name our prayers we pour ;
Send Thy Spirit down once more ;
Let the sevenfold Gift be shed
Largely on each bending head.

So, with strength renewed to-day,
Send us forth on life's rough way ;
Bound to Thee by Love's strong cords,
Living, dying, still our Lord's !

MARCH 18, 1871.

Marriage.

O FATHER all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
To-day, to these Thy children,
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
A home by Thee made happy,
A love by Thee kept true.

O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With those who call on Thee ;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.

O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love ;
That guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain ;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain ;
But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love Thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun.

JANUARY 29, 1876.

Burial of the Dead.

NOW the labourer's task is o'er ;
Now the battle-day is past ;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried ;
There its hidden things are clear ;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the Shepherd bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

6 Souls
Ch. Hy.
Shall
Ch-Hy
There the penitents who turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At His Feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace ;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust ; ”—
Calmly now the words we say ;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the Resurrection Day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Sunday after a Funeral.

AGAIN Thou meetest in Thy way
Those who remember Thee to-day ;
But one there is who never more
Shall here with us Thy Name adore.

Again our hearts and voices raise
Our wonted strains of solemn praise ;
But when the burst of song ascends
One voice with ours no longer blends.

Again we spread before Thine eyes
The great memorial Sacrifice ;
And praising Thee for those at rest,
We add one name, yet unexpressed.

In Thee the Church of Thy dear Son,
Without, within the veil, is one ;
The sundered links are knit again,
And Death and Hell already slain.

Lord, keep the bond unbroken thus
That binds Thy saints at rest to us,
That strong in faith, both we and they
May wait till breaks Thine Advent Day.

All glory to the Father give,
In Whom all things created live ;
To Him Whose dying conquered Death ;
To Him of Both the living Breath.

Foundation of a Church.

IN the Name which earth and heaven
Ever worship, praise, and fear,—
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—
Shall a house be builded here :
Here with prayer its deep foundations,
In the faith of Christ, we lay,
Trusting by His help to crown it
With the top-stone in its day.

Here as in their due succession
Stone on stone the workmen place,
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,
Jesu, build us up in grace ;
Till, within these walls completed,
We complete in Thee are found ;
And to Thee, the one Foundation,
Strong and living stones, are bound.

Fair shall be Thine earthly temple :
Here the careless passer-by,
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
Of the holier House on high ;
Weary hearts and troubled spirits
Here shall find a still retreat ;
Sinful souls shall bring their burden
Here to the Absolver's feet.

Yet with truer, nobler beauty,
Lord, we pray, this house adorn,
Where Thy Bride, Thy Church redeemèd,
Robes her for her marriage morn ;
Clothed in garments of salvation,
Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
Till she may behold His face.

Here in due and solemn order
May her ceaseless prayer arise ;
Here may strains of holy gladness
Lift her heart above the skies ;
Here the word of life be spoken ;
Here the child of God be sealed ;
Here the Bread of Heaven be broken,
“ Till He come ” Himself revealed.

Praise to Thee, O Master-BUILDER,
Maker of the earth and skies ;
Praise to Thee, in whom Thy temple
Fitly framed together lies ;
Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit,
Binding all that lives in one :
Till our earthly praise be ended,
And the eternal song begun !

Opening of a Mission Church.

IN the Name which holy angels
Ever worship, ever fear ;
In the Name of Him Whose Presence
Fills His temple even here ;
To the Throne of grace and mercy
We with prayer and song draw near.

Thou Whose cloud of glory rested
On the Tent in ancient days,
Wilt not scorn the lowly building
Which the poor and needy raise,
Lest our souls in darkness perish,
Lest our lips forget Thy praise.

Dearer far than gold and silver
Are the living stones to Thee,
Which for Thine eternal temple
Framed and polished here may be,
Evermore Thy praise to echo,
Evermore Thy Face to see.

Soon the fairest and the strongest
Earthly fabric must decay ;
For our years are but a shadow,
As a dream we pass away ;
But that House abideth ever
In the land of endless day.

Build us then, O Lord Almighty,
On the sure Foundation-stone ;
Bind us ever close together
In the love of Thee alone ;
Let our bodies be Thy temples,
And our hearts Thy Spirit's Throne.

Praise to Thee, O Great Creator,
For the work by Thee begun ;
Praise to Thee in Whom, Lord Jesus,
All Thy scattered flock are one ;
Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit,
With the Father and the Son.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

Dedication of a Church.

THOU Who once for us uplifted
Reigning from the awful tree,
By Thine ever-fruitful Passion
Drawest sinful souls to Thee,
Let the fulness of Thy blessing
On this new foundation be.

[In Thy Name, O Lord, we lay it :—^a
Not for pleasure or for pride ;
Yet if Thou vouchsafe Thy presence
With Thy people to abide,
These poor walls shall be a palace
For our King, the Crucified !]

[In Thy Name this house is builded,^b
First and last the work is Thine ;
In Thy Name, and in remembrance
Of Thy great salvation's sign ;
Once the Tree of shame and anguish,
Now of grace and love the Shrine.]

Here proclaimed in all its fulness
Let Thy Cross display its might ;
Foolishness to them that scorn it,
Wisdom to the sons of light ;
Pardon, healing, free salvation,
In the contrite sinner's sight.

^a Foundation.

^b Dedication or Anniversary.

Here may we be found beside Thee
Watching in unwearied faith,
In our joys and in our sorrows
True to Jesus unto death ;
Clinging to the Cross in patience
Till we yield to Thee our breath.

Those that here, by this Thy token,
Shall be hallowed as Thine own,
Grant them through their day of battle
Nevermore to lay it down,
Till at eve they rest beneath it,
Waiting for Thy promised Crown.

Now to Him, Who, Prince and Saviour,
By His Cross the victory won,
From the host of His redeemed ones
Be the song of praise begun,
Which the white-robed throng shall echo
While eternal ages run.

HOLY CROSS, COTEBROOKE,
AUGUST, 1873.

Restoration of a Church.

LIFT the strain of high thanksgiving !
Tread with songs the hallowed way !
Praise our fathers' God for mercies
New to us their sons to-day :
Here they built for Him a dwelling,
Served Him here in ages past,
Fixed it for His sure possession,
Holy ground, while time shall last.

When the years had wrought their changes,
He, our own unchanging God,
Thought on this His habitation,
Looked on His decayed abode ;
Heard our prayers, and helped our counsels,
Blessed the silver and the gold,
Till once more His house is standing
Firm and stately as of old.

Entering then Thy gates with praises,
Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer ;—
“ Rise into Thy place of resting,
Show Thy promised Presence there ! ”
Let the gracious word be spoken
Here, as once on Sion's height,
“ This shall be My rest for ever,
This My dwelling of delight.”

Fill this latter house with glory
Greater than the former knew ;
Clothe with righteousness its Priesthood,
Guide its Choir to reverence true ;
Let Thy Holy One's anointing
Here its sevenfold blessing shed ;
Spread for us the heavenly Banquet,
Satisfy Thy poor with Bread.

Praise to Thee, Almighty Father !
Praise to Thee, Eternal Son !
Praise to Thee, all-quickenng Spirit !
Ever-blessèd Three in One !
Threefold Power and Grace and Wisdom ;
Moulding out of sinful clay
Living stones for that true temple
Which shall never know decay.

ST. HELEN'S, TARPORLEY, 1869.

Hymn for the Dedication Festival of St. Nicholas Church, Brighton.

PRAISE our God for all the wonders
Wrought by His right Hand of old ;
Deeds of which we tell our children,
Saints of whom our fathers told !
Praise Him for His faithful servant
By whose name this house we call,
Champion of his Saviour's Godhead
In Nicea's council hall.

Brought by long-forgotten teachers,
Many a legend fair and quaint,
Taught our simple sires to cherish
Memories of the Sailor-saint ;
Told them how he loved the children,
How he succoured those in need,
How he burned with righteous anger,
Valiant for the Church's Creed.

So the seaman and the fisher
Called their Church upon the down
By his name who taught the sailors
In that old Levantine town ;
Carved upon their font his story,
Raised his tower above the shore,
Found their rest beneath its shadow
When the storms of life were o'er.

Praise our God ! through all earth's changes
Changeless still His Church is found ;
Firm she stands, while Wealth and Pleasure
Flaunt their thousand follies round :
All men as of old she welcomes,
Speaks her ancient watchwords still ;
Still the poor folk and the children
Love the Church upon the hill !

Oh, by all Thy former mercies
Shewn within these hallowed walls ;
By the vows we here have spoken.
By Thy warnings and Thy calls ;
By the dear ones with Thee resting
Who beside us here have knelt,
By the griefs we laid before Thee,
By the comforts we have felt :—

Watch, O Lord, in love, we pray Thee,
O'er this ancient holy place ;
Here in years to come may numbers
Learn Thy Name, and seek Thy Face ;
Till Thy Church's work is ended,
And the glorious Day draws nigh,
When her children need no Temple
In the Home of Praise on high.

God Almighty, great and wondrous
In Thy works, to Thee be praise ;
Praise to Thee, O King of Ages,
True and righteous in Thy ways ;
Sing we with the saints victorious
Standing on the glassy sea ;
Thou alone art great and holy,
Ever-blessed TRINITY !

DECEMBER, 1882.

Jubilee of a Church.

[HYMN FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEDICATION OF
CHRIST CHURCH, COVENTRY.]

WITHIN Thy Temple, Lord, of old
Above the kneeling throngs
Their tale the silver trumpets told,
And woke the joyful songs ;—
The time is come ! the slave is free !
All hail the year of Jubilee !

Again in Nazareth's house of prayer
The Lord of Freedom stood,
Proclaiming to the listeners there
The tidings glad and good :—
I come to set the prisoners free,
To preach the year of Jubilee !

O Thou, anointed then to save
The souls imprisoned long,
And ransom from the very grave
The captives of the strong ;
All life is Freedom now in Thee,
And every year a Jubilee !

Behold us gathered by Thy grace
Where fifty years ago
Our fathers built this holy place
Thy saving Name to show :
To seek Thy Face on bended knee,
And preach Thy Gospel's Jubilee.

Our fathers' God ! be ours to-day ;
Come with Thy saving power ;
In every heart prepare Thy way,
And bring the accepted hour.
Still let Thy word set captives free ;
And make this day a Jubilee.

So when another trumpet-blast
Rings in that greatest Day
When all things are restored at last,
All wrongs are done away,
We may come forth redeemed and free
To keep Thine endless Jubilee.

Consecration of a Burial Ground.

O THOU in Whom Thy saints repose,
When life's brief conflict finds its close ;
Behold us met before Thy face
To hallow this their resting-place :
Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep,
And safely here their dust shall sleep.

Thou knowest, Lord, for Thou hast wept
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,
What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed,
When here we sow the precious seed,
Thou still rememberest on Thy throne,
Thy garden grave and sealèd stone.

Bid then Thy hosts encamp around
This chosen spot of holy ground :
Here let calm Hope with Memory dwell,
And Faith of heavenly comfort tell :
No thought of ill, no footstep rude
Profane the sacred solitude.

Here when Thy mourners shall repair
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,
Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes
To those fair glades of Paradise,
Where safe within the guarded gate
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

And when the Valley, thick with corn,
Shall laugh to see Thy Harvest-morn,
Here may the Angel Reapers find
Full many a sheaf for Thee to bind,
And in Thy golden garner store
Our fruit of tears for evermore.

NOVEMBER 19, 1870.

ProceSSIONal for the London Mission.

ONWARD, brothers, onward ! march with one accord ;
Jesus goes before us, all-victorious Lord !

Ye who serve and love Him, join with all your powers
In the holy warfare 'gainst His foes and ours.

Onward, brothers, onward ! march with one accord ;
Jesus goes before us, all-victorious Lord !

Far and wide around us, see on every hand
Through the mighty city, Satan's strongholds stand ;
Selfish greed and grinding, lust and drink and hate—
These his chains which bind men with their iron weight.

Onward, brothers, onward ! &c.

Ah, the groans uprising from those dungeons cold !
Ah, the wounds unhealèd,—ah, the griefs untold !
Ah, the Peace they crave for—Peace which never comes !
Ah, the need of Jesus in ten thousand homes !

Onward, brothers, onward ! &c.

Can we rest contented whom His love hath freed,
Careless of our brothers in their bitter need ?
Soldiers, up and onward ! lay the oppressor low !
Bring the old Glad Tidings to these sons of woe !

Onward, brothers, onward ! &c.

Ours the might that conquered in the days of old,
Faith that never changes, Love that ne'er grows cold :
He is with us alway—He Who bade us 'Go,'
Till that every creature His dear Name shall know.

Onward, brothers, onward ! &c.

Choral Festival.

COME forth, O Christian brothers,
In ordered fair array ;
Come forth with strains of gladness
To greet your festal day !
Rejoice in God your Saviour ;
Your hearts and voices raise,
His gates with songs to enter,
And tread His courts with praise.

Here, joined in holy union,
Assembling year by year,
With one accord to worship
Before Him we appear ;
With joy, like holy David,
Our hearts receive the word
Which bids us seek together
The House of David's Lord.

Levites of that new Temple
Not built by human hands,
Before Whose heavenly Altar
One Priest for ever stands,
Through Him our gifts we offer,
Through Him our vows we pay,
The fruit of lips made ready
To give Him thanks to-day.

Yet who may venture nigh Thee
Or who may touch Thine ark ?
O Thou beside Whose pureness
The heaven of heavens is dark ;
Whose fire is swift to chasten,
Whose scourge is strong to smite,
Whose eyes and heart are watching
Thy Temple day and night !

Before Thy Throne great Angels
With veiled faces bow ;
Have mercy on the sinful
Who dare to seek Thee now ;
And o'er our earth-soiled garments
Thy robe of whiteness fling,
And touch with fire supernal
Our lips before we sing !

So kindled from Thine altar,
Prepared and owned by Thee,
Shall body, soul, and spirit,
A whole-burnt-offering be :
So with the eternal anthem
Our praises shall unite,
And this our lowly service
Be pleasing in Thy sight.

National Thanksgiving.

PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land ;
A garden fenced with silver sea ;
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

Praise to our God ; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast ;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

Praise to our God ; the Vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet ;
On many a shore her seedlings grow ;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our God ; His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne ;
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

Praise to our God ; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should thoroughly burn ;
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage !

In a Wet Harvest.

PRAISE our God, Whose open Hand
Fills with plenty all that lives :
Praise our God ! to every land
Harvest store His bounty gives :
Praise Him under skies of grey ;
Praise Him in our cares and fears ;
Praise Him, though He long delay
Bringing back the happy years.

Praise the Lord of all the earth !—
Yet in grave and solemn wise,
Not with loud and thoughtless mirth,
Bid the songs of Harvest rise :
Think upon our brethren dear
Sorrowing o'er their hopes forlorn ;
Pray that God's true love may cheer
Eyes that fail, and hearts that mourn.

Praise Him, though our anthems rise
Over chill and sodden fields :
Still His care our need supplies,
Still our poor from dearth He shields ;
Winds of God across the deep
Waft the Harvest-laden sails ;
Sign of Love that knows no sleep,
Pledge of Truth that never fails.

Praise our God, till Faith grow strong ;
Praise with steadfast heart and will ;
Sing anew the Harvest song ;
Tell of all His goodness still :
Far and wide from land to land
Be the great thanksgiving spread—
Glory to the Lord Whose Hand
Gives this day our daily bread !

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

In Time of Scarcity.

GOD, Creator and Preserver !
God, who feedest man and beast ;
God whose tender mercy careth
For the weakest and the least :

If in former times of gladness,
In the fulness of our bread,
Harvest gifts to Thee we offered,
Harvest songs to Thee we said ;

Shall we not in trustful patience
Cast our care upon Thee now ?
Shall we not in meek obedience
To Thy righteous judgments bow ?

Though the earth withhold her increase,
Though the heaven restrain its dew,
Though his hand the reaper fill not,
Yet we know that Thou art true.

Not in vain the mighty Promise
From beneath the Bow of peace,
Told us "while the earth remaineth,
"Seedtime, harvest, shall not cease."

Thou art true, though we are faithless ;
Thou art Love, though we are blind ;
Pity now Thy mourning people,
Call the former times to mind.

So the sunshine of Thy bounty
Once again shall dry our tears,
And Thy gracious hand restore us
All our canker-eaten years.

1870.

In Time of Pestilence.

O LORD of life and death, we come
In sorrow to Thy Throne ;
Yet not bewildered, blind, and dumb,
Before some Power unknown.

The scourge is in our Father's hand ;
The plague comes forth from Thee :
Oh give us hearts to understand,
And faith Thy ways to see !

Forgive the foul neglect that brought
Thy chastening to our door ;
The homes uncleansed, the souls untaught,
The unregarded poor.

The slothful ease, the greed of gain,
The wasted years, forgive ;
Purge out our sins by needful pain,
Then turn, and bid us live.

So shall the lives for which we plead
Be spared to praise Thee still ;
And we, from fear and danger freed,
Be strong to do Thy will.

In Time of War.

[BASED ON AN OLDER HYMN.]

GOD the Almighty, in wisdom ordaining
Judgements unsearchable—famine or sword ;
Over the tumult of war Thou art reigning ;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord !

God the All-righteous ! though man hath defied Thee,
Sure to eternity standeth Thy word ;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee ;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord !

God the All-pitiful ! is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless like water outpoured ?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing ;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord !

God the All-wise ! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall be Freedom and Truth be restored ;
Through the thick darkness Thy Kingdom is hastening :
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord !

AUGUST 28, 1870.

Teachers' Meeting.

BREAK Thou to us, O Lord,
The Bread of Life to-day ;
And through Thy written Word
Thy very self display ;
That so from hearts which burn
With gazing on Thy Face,
Thy little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy Name ;
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee ;
According to Thy Word
Let all our teaching be ;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His Love rejoice.

Live Thou within us, Lord ;
Thy mind and will be ours ;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served with all our powers ;
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart.

1881.

Harvest Thanksgiving.

[FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.]

O THOU Who givest food to all
With love that never tires,
Not doled in pittance scant and small,
But full for all desires :
From land and sea 'Thy bounty free
Has heaped the world's great board ;
The eyes of all men wait on Thee,
Their lips shall bless Thee, Lord.

Thy kindness spreads with golden wheat
Broad miles of Western plain,
And makes green English orchards sweet
With Autumn's wealth again ;
Thy sun and shower bring back the hour
Of Cana's gracious sign,
Where warm on Southern vineyard slopes
The mellow clusters shine.

We bless Thee for the fruitful fields,
The seasons' changing round,
The store which every region yields,
The year with plenty crowned :
All praise be Thine for Corn and Wine,
High gifts, by Thee decreed
For symbols of a Food divine
Our Meat and Drink indeed.

Yet, while Thy gladdening gifts we share
With thankful hearts for all,
Oh keep us sober unto prayer,
And watchful lest we fall ;
That so we feast not fearlessly,
Nor mock at sin and shame,
But eat and drink and speak and think
To glorify Thy Name.

AUGUST 30, 1882.

A Christmas Carol for Temperance Workers.

GLORY in the highest ! let our Church bells ring ;
Welcome in the birthday of the world's true King !
Glory in the highest ! angels sang of yore ;
Let their tidings gladden earth from shore to shore.

Glory in the highest ! let the praiseful throng,
Joined in high Communion raise the ancient song ;
Raise the sweet " Adeste," praise the Incarnate Word ;
" Come let us adore Him, Jesus Christ the Lord ! "

Glory in the highest ! Ah, what sounds arise
Now from earth responsive to the peaceful skies ?
Sounds of midnight revel, oath, and jest, and brawl :—
Say, is this our welcome to the Lord of all ?

Ah ! Fair Child of Mary, on Thy manger throne,
Is it thus Thou comest, Jesu, to Thine own ?
Thou art born the sinless, fallen man to win ;
Shall we make Thy Birth-night plea for fouler sin ?

Canst Thou hear our carol in this evil time ;—
All our Christmas annals stained with blood and crime ?
Where is now the " Glory " ? Where is " Peace on Earth " ?
Where are now the tokens of the world's new birth ?

Glory in the highest ! Peace from God to men !
Tell the old-new tidings Christmas brings again !
Tell among the heathen, Christians but in name,
Christ is born to free you, slaves of sin and shame !

Gird you, Christian brothers, to your blessed toil !
Make His pathway ready in this desert soil !
Till His promised Spirit, o'er the earth outpoured,
Make all hearts the Kingdom of the Incarnate Lord !

ADVENT, 1884.

Opening of a Workmen's Coffee Tavern.

THOU Who wearied by the well
Satest in the noontide sun,
There of that pure Stream didst tell,
Quenching thirst for every one :

Bless this house ; a place of rest
For the toilers and the poor ;
Shelter to the passing guest ;
Refuge from the Tempter's lure.

Never here be souls betrayed ;
Never maddening draught be poured ;
Never of this Inn be said—
“Room is none for Christ the Lord.”

Here may peace and brotherhood
Long from year to year endure ;
Words of wisdom, thoughts of good,
Wholesome mirth, and pleasures pure.

What is earth itself ? an Inn
Where we wait our time to go ;
Business, pleasure, care, and sin
Through the doors pass to and fro.

Grant us, Lord, when we depart,—
Guests that tarry but a day—
Passing on to where Thou art,
There in our true Home to stay.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1882.

Opening of a Parish Room.

[EXODUS XL. 34. ACTS II. 2.]

SPIRIT of GOD, Whose glory
The Tent of Meeting filled,
Whose mighty Breath at Pentecost
The Upper Chamber thrilled ;
O Teacher, Guide, Inspirer,
O Worker Manifold,
In all the fulness of Thy Gifts
Be with us as of old.

When here Thy people gather
To search the sacred Word,
Spirit of WISDOM, teach Thou them
The things of Christ the Lord ;
Spirit of UNDERSTANDING,
Thy flawless Light impart,
And touch the lips that fain would speak,
And wake the listening heart.

When here amidst their toiling
Thy Church's workers meet,
And all their troubles, hopes, and fears,
Are laid at JESUS' feet ;
Spirit of COUNSEL, aid them
With Thy discernment true,
Spirit of MIGHT, unwearied still,
Their fainting souls renew.

When here Thy sons and daughters
Are training for the hour
That bids them speak the threefold vow,
And seek the Gift of Power ;
Spirit of KNOWLEDGE, guide them
Thy calling to obey ;
Spirit of GODLINESS, constrain
The feet that else would stray.

And still unseen beside us,
Yet known and felt by all,
In teaching or in conference,
If joy or grief befall,
To chasten all our gladness,
To help us when we pray,
Spirit of Holy FEAR, be Thou
Our Keeper and our Stay.

EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1888.

Hymn of the Worker on a Holiday.

HERE in this peaceful time and place of rest,
I lift my thoughts, dear Master, unto Thee ;
Seeking in calm repose upon Thy breast
Some gracious pledge that Thou art come with me.

Thou too hast known the thronging of the crowd, ^a
The "many coming" as the hours went by, ^b
The weary head in deep exhaustion bowed,
The broken sleep, the sudden midnight cry. ^c

All these were Thine, O Bearer of our woes ;
No rest to Thee our suffering manhood gave ;
Through Thy three years no leisure for repose,
Till that last Sabbath in Thy garden-grave !

Yet Thy compassion knows my feebler frame,
Mine is the rest my Master would not take ;
And if my work indeed be in Thy Name,
These quiet hours are hallowed for Thy sake.

Thou art with me ; as when Thy Twelve returned
And poured their tale of labours at Thy Feet,
Thy pitying Eye their weariness discerned,
Thy Love provided them some still retreat. ^d

^a St. Mark iii. 9, &c.

^b St. Mark vi. 31.

^c St. Mark iv. 38.

^d St. Mark vi. 31, 32.

With Thee they climbed the gorge whence Jordan falls,^e
Saw Hermon's snowpeaks glow with dawn's red fire,
And watched, beneath the heathen's broken walls,
The blue sea whitening on the shores of Tyre.

Thou lovedst Thy fair land ; the solitudes
Of her grey hills, fit home for musings high ;^f
Spring with her glowing flowers and nestling broods,^g
The moonlit garden^h and the sunset sky.ⁱ

Nor these alone ; for Thou didst condescend
The joys of human fellowship to share,
The simple welcome of some village friend,
Mary's deep gladness, Martha's loving care.

In toil, in leisure, I may learn of Thee ;
Keep Thee beside me in my mountain walk,
Set to Thy Name the music of the sea,
And open all my heart in voiceless talk.

So when Thy call shall bid me to return
With strength renewed, to labour in my place,
My lips shall overflow, my heart shall burn
With new revealings of Thy boundless grace.

PEGLI, FEB., 1885.

^e Compare St. Mark vi. 30, 31 ; vii. 24, 31 ; viii. 27 ; ix. 2, &c.

^f St. Luke vi. 12, &c. ^g St. Matt. vi. 26-30. ^h St. John xviii. 2. ⁱ St. Matt. xvi. 2.

Early Communion at a Meeting of Clergy.

Λέγει αὐτοῖς ὁ Ἰησοῦς • Δεῦτε ἀριστήσατε. (*St. John xxi. 12.*)

THY Voice it is that calls us, bounteous Lord,
While the fresh morning smiles o'er land and sea ;
Thy tender care it is that spreads the Board
That we may come and break our fast with Thee.

No gains are ours to spread before Thy sight ;
Our nets lie torn and tangled on the beach ;
Yet Thou hast seen us toiling through the night ;
Thou hast a welcome and a place for each.

We dare not ask Thee Who or where Thou art,
Or whence the sweet Refreshment here prepared ;
This Bread, this Cup, shall tell the listening heart
Things which no eye hath seen, no tongue declared.

Only that secret Voice, so calm and deep,
Asks in the silence of each silent guest,
"Thou who dost eat with Me while others sleep,
Dost thou indeed love Me beyond the rest ?"

Thou knowest, Lord ! let each by Thee be taught
How best Thy work to do, Thy flock to tend ;
One, pressing onward, meet the Cross unsought ;
Another wait in patience for the end.

Only may all, when that long-wished-for Morn
Reveals Thee standing on the Eternal Shore,
Through the dark waters by Thy grace upborne,
Sit down with Thee, Thy guests for evermore !

Hymn of the Incarnation.

[First two verses based on the *Da Puer Plectrum* of Prudentius, and the refrain borrowed from the Mediæval cento from the same hymn.]

SING, ye faithful, sing with gladness ;
Wake your noblest, sweetest strain ;
With the praises of your Saviour
Let His house resound again ;
Him let all your music honour
And your songs exalt His reign
Evermore and evermore !

Offspring of the Father's wisdom,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He, the Brightness of His glory,
Image of His Person He,
Word of God, within His bosom
Dwelt from all eternity
Evermore and evermore.

By that Word arose the creatures
Fair and perfect in His sight ;
Suns and stars in countless myriads
Filled the void expanse of night,
God's Paternal love reflecting
In the depth and in the height,
Evermore and evermore.

Yet a newer work of wonder
All creating work surpassed ;
When the Father loved so greatly
One poor world by sin downcast,
When He willed from death to save it,
And upraise to life at last,
Evermore and evermore.

Then the Word came forth from heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save
Evermore and evermore.

So He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
Prince of Life among the dead,
So He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led
Evermore and evermore.

Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's Throne the Son
Rules and guides the world He ransomed,
Till the appointed work be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one
Evermore and evermore.

Day of promised restitution !
Fruit of all His sorrows past !
When the crown of His dominion
He before the Throne shall cast,
And throughout the wide creation
God be all in all at last ^a
Evermore and evermore ! AMEN.

1870.

^a 1 Cor. xv. 28.

"All Live Unto Him."

GOD of the living, in Whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies ;
All souls are Thine ; we must not say,
That those are dead who pass away ;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life ;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care ;
Not left to lie like fallen tree ;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just ;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave.
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

O Breather into man of breath, ^a
O Holder of the keys of death, ^b
O Quickener of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin ;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee !

JULY 6, 1867.

^a Gen. ii. 7.

^b Rev. i. 18.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

O SHINING city of our God !

And shall we see thee here ?

Thy pearly gates and golden streets ?—

"It doth not yet appear."

O healing tree of twelfefold fruit !

O river pure and clear !

And shall we touch, and shall we taste ?—

"It doth not yet appear."

O crowned and white-robed choir on high,

Our elder brethren dear !

And shall we blend our songs with yours ?—

"It doth not yet appear."

O Rainbow Throne ! O Court of Heaven !

And are ye truly so ?

Or signs of things we cannot yet

In faintest semblance know ?

For Thine appearing, Lord, I wait ;

Be this enough for me,

If I may see Thee as Thou art,

And then be like to Thee.

The Things Eternal.

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore !

When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore !

When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray ;—
Light for evermore !

When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore !

When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in thy love to learn
Love for evermore !

When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of Life ! be ours Thy crown ;—
Life for evermore !

The Voice of God.

SPEAK Thou to me, O Lord,
The living mighty word ;
And in Thy secret Voice
Shall heart and flesh rejoice.

The Book of books is mine,
The olden voice Divine ;—
Yet all is dumb therein
Except Thou speak within.

The Church enfolds me round ;—
Yet there no voice is found ;
'Tis discord all and din
Except Thou speak within.

Thine is the inward light ;—
Yet guides it not aright,
To trust it were to sin,
Except Thou speak within.

Speak then to me, O Lord,
In Conscience, Church, and Word ;
And more than these can say
I yet shall know, one day.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

Before School. (Morning.)

DAY by day we magnify Thee—

When our hymns in school we raise ;
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

Day by day we magnify Thee—

When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home we bless Thee
For the mercies of the morn.

Day by day we magnify Thee—

In our hymns before we sleep ;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

Day by day we magnify Thee—

Not in words of praise alone ;
Truthful lips and meek obedience
Shew Thy glory in Thine own.

Day by day we magnify Thee—

When for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

Day by day we magnify Thee—
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labours,
Waiting for Thy day in peace ;

Then, on that eternal morning,
With Thy great redeemèd host,
May we fully magnify Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

After School. (Afternoon.)

THE hours of school are over,
The evening calls us home ;
Once more to thee, O Father,
With thankful hearts we come :
For all Thy countless blessings
We praise Thy Holy Name,
And own thy love unchanging,
Through days and years the same.

For life, and health, and shelter
From harm throughout the day,
The kindness of our teachers,
The gladness of our play ;
For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
To Him our thanks we render,
Who these and all things sends.

But these, O Lord, can shew us
Thy goodness but in part ;
Thy love would lead us onward
To know Thee as Thou art ;
Thy Son came down from heaven
To take away our sin,
Thy Spirit dwells among us
To make us clean within.

For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,
For this we thank Thee most,—
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost ;
The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The Home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.

Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
Where earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past ;
With all our dear ones round us,
In that eternal Home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come !

Sunday Morning.

AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here ;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near :
The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast,
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.
Glory be to Jesus,
Let all His children say ;
He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day !

Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee
If Thou our hearts wilt raise ;
If Thou our lips wilt open
Our mouth shall shew Thy praise.
Glory be to Jesus,
Let all His children say,
He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day !

The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,—
These all adore and praise Him
Whom we too praise and love.
Glory be to Jesus,
Let all His children say ;
He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day !

The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day ;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray :
Across the Northern snowfields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.
Glory be to Jesus,
Let all His children say ;
He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day !

Tell out, sweet bells, His praises !
Sing, children, sing His Name !
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim ;

Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing !
Glory be to Jesus,
Let all creation say ;
He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day !

Whit-Sunday.

THIS day the Lord's disciples met
According to His word,
And waited for the promised Gift
Of their ascended Lord.

All Israel that happy morn,
From farthest West to East,
With gladness for the ripened corn
Kept their great harvest feast.

They pressed along the city streets,
And up the holy hill ;
And passed that upper chamber where
The faithful waited still.

But louder than the noise without
Came down the Wind Divine ;
And brighter than the morning sun,
Shone out the Fiery Sign.

Wondering the strangers gathered round
From Parthia, Libya, Rome ;
For each one heard the praise of God
In the dear tongue of home.

That mighty wind is silent now,
Those fires not seen to-day ;
But that great Gift our Master gave
Shall never pass away.

O greatest Teacher, surest Guide,
True Comforter, be here ;
Make all Thy children feel and know
That Thou indeed art near.

[*Revised* 1877.]

Children's Flower Service.

O THOU Whose bounty fills the earth,
Accept the gifts we bring ;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
From Thy perfection spring.

These flowers that on our borders blow,
Or bloom beside the way,
And fill with fragrance and with glow
This holy place to-day ;

They make us happy, for they tell
Of Love unseen but sure ;
Let others then be glad as well—
The suffering and the poor.

To beds of anguish and of death
We send our store of flowers,
To whisper with their fragrant breath
Our Father's Love, and ours.

Take, Lord, our gifts ; though this fair show
To-morrow will be o'er ;
Yet that great Love of Thine, we know,
Abides for evermore.

Children's Hymn for Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

ENGLISH children, lift your voices
To our Father's throne on high !
Many a land to-day rejoices,
Many a coast prolongs the cry—
God, save the Queen !

Dusky Indian, strong Australian,
Western forest, Southern sea,
None are wanting, none are alien,
All in one great prayer agree—
God, save the Queen !

God, who in her maiden meekness
Called her to her mighty task,
Perfecting with strength her weakness,
Heard the prayer He bade her ask—
God, save the Queen !

God with bounteous gifts supplied her,
Friends and statesmen wise and just,
One beyond all else beside her,
True and strong, in whom to trust—
God, save the Queen !

Then He sent the years of sorrow,
Took the one she loved the best,
Left her lonely, till the Morrow
Brings her His eternal Rest.

God, save the Queen !

In that cup of sorrow holy
Drank she love for hearts forlorn,
Homely kindness for the lowly,
Skill to comfort all that mourn.

God, save the Queen !

Dearly, Lord, her people love her,
Gladly hail her golden year :
Let Thy shield be still above her,
Save from danger and from fear—

God, save the Queen !

Spare her long through changing seasons
Still to rule her subject isles ;
Guard her throne from war and treasons,
Wild revolt, and secret wiles.

God, save the Queen !

Then, when ends her long probation,
Earthly care and state laid down,
Grant her, Lord, Thy full salvation,
Grant her Life's unfading crown.

God, save the Queen !

TRANSLATED HYMNS.

Sunday. (Early Morning.)

PRIMO DIERUM OMNIUM.

ON this the day when days began,
When first the light through darkness broke,
The day when God, for us made Man,
Arose from death and burst its yoke ;

With sloth cast off, we early rise,
As David rose by night to praise,
And ask from God's right hand supplies
Of pardoning and restoring grace.

On each who in this solemn hour
Of morning stillness comes to pray,
Father of lights, vouchsafe to shower
The fulness of Thy gifts to-day.

Cleanse Thou our heart from thoughts of sin ;
Restrain our life from all offence,
Let no unhallowed fire within
Be kindled through the gates of sense.

That this may be to Thee we cry :
Saviour, blot out our guilty past,
And grant us in Thy clemency
The gift of life with Thee at last.

Hymn for Noon.

JAM SOLIS EXCELSUM JUBAR.

THIS is the hour when in full brightness glowing
From midmost heaven the beams of noontide dart,
When the high sun like shafts of fire is throwing
The quivering radiance from his golden heart.

Christ, our true Sun, the power of Whose revealing
Makes our cold world with glad new fire to glow,
Chase from our souls the mists Thy Face concealing,
That love's clear orb to glorious noon may grow.

Glory to Thee, O Father, God most Holy,
Glory to Thee, O God the Son, our Lord ;
Who with the Spirit Blest, in reverence lowly
Now and to endless ages art adored.

From Latin of Charles Coffin. 1736.

Hymn for the Ninth Hour.

RERUM DEUS TENAX VIGOR.

O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide ;

Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ Thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

From Latin. Fifth (?) Century.

Midnight Hymn.

JESU DEFENSOR OMNIUM.

JESU, Who alone defendest
All creation day and night,
Who in sure succession sendest
Hours of rest and hours of light ;
Grant us, O Thou Wondrous Keeper,
So to watch till life be past,
That with ready lamp each sleeper
May be found of Thee at last.

Here with nightly songs of blessing,
At Thy bidding, Lord, we stand,
Thine Almighty Name confessing,
Known and feared in every land ;
Meet it is that we adore Thee,
Whom the whole wide earth obeys ;
Let our prayer, then, we implore Thee,
Find its answer to Thy praise.

When the cry at midnight falleth
Loud upon the listening ear—
When the Lord His watchers calleth
Forth to meet Him drawing near,—
When in glad procession streaming
Into His celestial house,
Bright with crowns of martyrs gleaming,
Shall the virgins bring the Spouse ;

When Thou biddest each believer
Welcomed to Thy Glory, Lord,
To become at last receiver
Of so mighty a reward ;
Then vouchsafe to count us worthy
That eternal joy to gain,
Which the soul of each before Thee
Now is thirsting to attain.

1868.

From the Mozarabic Breviary. (Spain, Eighth Century.)

Christmas Morning.

A SOLIS ORTUS CARDINE.

FROM East to West, from shore to shore,
Let every heart awake and sing
The Holy Child whom Mary bore,
The Christ, the everlasting King.

Behold, the world's Creator wears
The form and fashion of a slave ;
Our very flesh our Maker shares
His fallen creature man to save.

For this how wondrously He wrought !
A maiden, in her lowly place,
Became in ways beyond all thought,
The chosen vessel of His grace.

The Spirit at the angel's word
Came on her as the Father willed,
And suddenly the promised Lord
That pure and hallowed temple filled.

He shrank not from the oxen's stall,
He lay within the manger-bed,
And He whose bounty feedeth all
At Mary's breast Himself was fed.

And while the angels in the sky
Sang praise above the midnight field,
To shepherds poor the Lord most high,
The one great Shepherd, was revealed.

All glory for this blessed morn
To God the Father ever be ;
All praise to Thee, O Virgin-born,
All praise, O Holy Ghost, to Thee.

1887.

From Latin of Cælius Sedulius. (Fifth Century.)

Christmas Morning.

ADESTE FIDELES LÆTI TRIUMPHANTES.

OH come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,

Oh come ye, Oh come ye, to Bethlehem !

Born upon earth, behold the King of Angels !

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

He, God of God, and Light of Light begotten,

Comes to the world as a maiden's Child ;

He, Very God, begotten not created :

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

Sing, Choir of Angels ; raise your hymn of triumph ;

Sing, ye that stand around the Throne on high ;

Glory to God, all glory in the highest !

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

Thou Who didst deign to be born for us this morning,

Glory to Thee, O Jesu Lord !

Word of the Eternal Father, now incarnate !

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him,

Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

Lent.

SUMMI LARGITOR PRÆMI.

GIVER of the perfect gift !
Only Hope of human race !
Hear the prayer our hearts uplift
Trembling at Thy Throne of grace.

Though the accusing voice within
Speaks of many a wrong to Thee,
Thou canst cleanse from every sin,
Thou canst set the conscience free.

Who can save us, Lord, but Thou ?
Let Thy mercy shew Thy power ;
Lo, we plead Thy promise now,
Now, in this the accepted hour.

Oh ! may these our Lenten days,
Blest by Thee, with Thee be passed,
That with purer nobler praise
We may keep Thy Feast at last.

God the Holy Trinity
Grant the mercy we implore :
God the One, all praise to Thee
Through the ages evermore !

Easter. (Morning.)

SALVE FESTA DIES.

“WELCOME, happy morning !” age to age shall say ;
Hell to-day is vanquished ; Heaven is won to-day !
Lo ! the Dead is living, God for evermore !
Him their true Creator, all His works adore !
“ Welcome, happy morning !” age to age shall say.

Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King ;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished ; Heaven is won to-day !

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight,
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
“ Welcome, happy morning !” age to age shall say.

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished ; Heaven is won to-day !

Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show,
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word ;
'Tis Thine own Third Morning ! Rise, O buried Lord !
“ Welcome, happy morning ! ” age to age shall say.

Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain ;
All that now is fallen raise to life again ;
Show Thy Face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight : day returns with Thee !
Hell to-day is vanquished ; Heaven is won to-day !

1868.

From Latin of Venantius Fortunatus. 530—609.

Whitsuntide.

BEATA NOBIS GAUDIA.

JOY ! because the circling year
Brings our day of blessings here ;
Day when first the Light divine
On the Church began to shine.

Like to quivering tongues of flame *
Unto each the Spirit came ;
Tongues, that earth might hear their call :
Fire, that Love might burn in all.

So the wondrous works of God
Wondrously were spread abroad ;
Every tribe's familiar tone
Made the glorious marvel known.

Hardened scoffers vainly jeered ;
Listening strangers heard and feared,
Knew the prophet's word fulfilled,
Owned the work which God had willed.

Still Thy Spirit's fulness, Lord,
On Thy waiting Church be poured !
Once Thou on Thy saints didst shower
Mighty signs and words of power ;

* These four lines are from an earlier translation by the late Mr. R. C. Campbell. For one or two other lines I am indebted to a friend.

Humbler things we ask Thee now,
Gifts from heaven to men below ;
Grant our burdened hearts release,
Grant us Thine abiding peace.

From Latin of Fifth (?) Century.

Trinity Sunday.

TER SANCTE, TER POTENS DEUS.

THRICE Holy, Thrice Almighty Lord,
O Trinity unseen, unknown,
Eternal Light, in Whom is stored
A depth of gladness all Thine own !

O Unity, for ever true !
O Truth Who art for ever one !
O Love, Who all creation through,
Perennial Fount of Good dost run !

Though clouds and darkness wrap Thee round,
And veil the Light which none may see,
Though Angels shrink in awe profound,
And dread, yet burn, to look on Thee ;

Yet in Thy new creation, Lord,
Thy people know Thee by Thy Name,
And faith foretastes the sure reward
Which love already longs to claim.

Then grant us, Father, power to do
The work which Thou hast laid on each ;
And grant us, God the Son, to know
The heavenly wisdom Thou dost teach ;

And Thou, O Holy Ghost, inspire
Our wills Thy counsels to approve,
What Thou desirest to desire,
And love whatever Thou dost love.

All gracious Father, hear our prayer,
And Thou with God the Father One,
Who with the Holy Ghost dost share
All power and all dominion !

JUNE 1, 1886.

From Latin of Claude Santeuil Magloire. 17—.

Apostles' Days.

ÆTERNA CHRISTI MUNERA.

[Adapted in the thirteenth century from an earlier hymn attributed to St. Ambrose.]

WE sing of Christ's eternal gifts,
The great Apostles of His choice ;
For them to-day the Church uplifts
In hymns of praise her thankful voice.

By these were mighty Churches ruled,
By these the holy fight was planned ;—
Captains in heavenly warfare schooled,
True lights to lighten every land.

The glowing faith with which they burned,
The undaunted hope by faith sustained,
The love from Christ's example learned,
Their victory over Satan gained.

So praise is to the Father brought,
The work of God the Son fulfilled,
The will of God the Spirit wrought,
The courts of heaven with gladness filled.

To God the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, One and Three,
Before all time was praise begun,
And praise for evermore shall be.

All Saints' Day.

SPONSA CHRISTI QUÆ PER ORBEM.

BRIDE of Christ, whose glorious warfare

Here on earth hath never rest,

Lift thy voice, and tell the triumphs

Of the holy and the blest :

Joyous be the day we hallow,

Feast of all the Saints on high,

Earth and Heaven together blending

In one solemn harmony.

First the blessed Virgin-mother,

Reunited to her Son,

Leads the host of ransomed people

Who unfading crowns have won ;

John the herald, Christ's forerunner,

More than Prophet, heads the throng ;

Seer and Patriarch responsive

Unto Psalmist in their song.

Lo, the Twelve, majestic Princes,

In the court of Jesus sit,

Calmly watching, while the conflict

Rages far beneath their feet :

Lo, the Martyrs, robed in crimson,

Sign of life-blood freely spent,

Finding life because they lost it,

Dwell in undisturbed content.

All the saintly host who witnessed
Good confessions for His sake—
Priest and Deacon, world-renouncing,
Of their Master's joy partake ;
Virgins to the Lamb devoted
Following with steadfast love,
Bring their lilies and their roses
To the Marriage Feast above.

All their happy lot fulfilling,
God Omnipotent proclaim ;
Holy, Holy, Holy, crying,
Glory to His Holy Name !
So may God in mercy grant us
Here to serve in holiness,
Till He call us to the portion
Which His Saints in light possess.

From Latin of Jean Baptiste Des Contes, Dean of Paris. 17—.

[*Revised* 1887.]

The Endless Alleluia.

ALLELUIA PERENNE.

[MOZARABIC BREVIARY. WEEK BEFORE SEPTUAGESIMA.]

SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heaven ; O sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

Ye Powers who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
An endless Alleluia ;

This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia :

While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays

An endless Alleluia.

Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore ; to Thee we bring

An endless Alleluia.

1865.

Spain, Eighth Century (?).

The Name of Jesus.

GLORIOSI SALVATORIS.

TO the Name that speaks salvation
Praise and honour let us pay,
Which before the world's creation
In the Father's Bosom lay,
But to every tongue and nation
By the Church is known to-day.

Name belovèd, Name of Jesus !
Name beyond what words can tell ;
Name that comforts, Name that pleases
Every heart which knows it well ;
Name that man from guilt releases,
Name that breaks the bonds of hell !

Name for lowly adoration,
Name for high triumphant lays ;
Name for constant meditation
Through the world's perplexing ways ;
Name which yonder ransomed nation
Worthily alone can praise !

Name of which the true proclaiming
To the ear like music cleaves ;
Name of which the very naming
On the lips its sweetness leaves ;
Name on which her musings framing
Light and joy the soul receives.

Name in worthiest honour planted
Over every name on high ;
Name whereby our foe is daunted,
Satan's hosts in terror fly ;
Name to man in mercy granted,
Timely succour to supply.

Thus with reverent awe we greet Thee,
Name most blessèd to our sight !
Holy Jesu, we entreat Thee
In our hearts Thy Name to write,
Till that face to face we meet Thee,
Gathered to Thy saints in light.

1871.

From Latin of Fifteenth Century.

Restoration of a Church.

O BEATA HIEROSALEM.

O JERUSALEM the blissful, Home of gladness yet untold ;
Thou whose countless throngs triumphal fill with joy thy
street of gold ;

Graven on thee new and glorious, they the King's own
name behold !

Many are Thy sons, O Mother, yon august and shining
band !

Gentle Peace in all thy borders makes thee glad, O happy
land !

Perfect is thy restoration, bright in holiness to stand.

Here, a figure of the Heavenly, shines our temple, worthier
grown

By its finished restoration based upon the Corner-stone,
With a majesty and beauty to the former house unknown.

Lord, we pray Thee, Master-BUILDER, Great and Holy,
enter in ;

Fill Thy sanctuary quickly, as our hallowing rites begin,
And Thyself its Consecrator rest for evermore therein.

Make Thy servants, though unworthy, temples of Thy
grace to be ;

Let us not in flesh or spirit prove disloyal unto Thee,
But in dedicated service praise Thy Name adoringly.

Make, O Royal Priest, Thine altar here henceforth a
 throne of light,
Ever held in highest honour, and with many a gift made
 bright,
Ever blessed, ever peaceful, ever precious in Thy sight.

Yea, our hearts as sacred altars hallow for Thyself and bless ;
By the grace of Thy renewing perfect us in holiness ;
And Thy sevenfold gifts from Heaven may we evermore
 possess.

Now to Thee through endless ages, O Most Holy Trinity,
Highest honour, power unmeasured, everlasting glory, be ;
God for ever and for ever, Three in One, and One in
 Three.

1887.

From Mozarabic Breviary. [Spain, Eighth Century.]

Jesu Most Pitiful.

JESU DULCISIME.

JESU most pitiful,
Who from Heaven's throne
Camest to seek Thy sheep
Straying alone,
Thou art the Shepherd true,
Draw me to Thee anew,
Seal me Thine own !

I am that wandering sheep,
Gone far astray ;
Save from the ravening wolf,
Jesu, his prey ;
Wash me from all my sin,
Make my heart clean within,
Loving Thy way !

Comfort of weeping eyes,
Heart's truest mirth,
Fountain of tenderness,
Joy of the earth,
Good Shepherd, strong to save,
E'en from the opening grave,
Call Thou me forth !

Bridegroom of Holy souls,
All fairest One,
Sweet as the honeycomb,
Clear as the sun,
Grant me to-day Thy grace,
Grant me to see Thy Face,
When life is done.

1868.

All My Heart to Thee I Give.

COR MEUM TIBI DEDO.

ALL my heart to Thee I give,
Jesu, Lord most precious ;
Heart for heart do Thou receive
Jesu, King most gracious ;
Hearts alone Thou askest for,
Hearts are dear to Thee, Lord ;
Oh, to love Thee more and more,
As Thou lovest me, Lord !

What return for love Divine
Can a creature render,
How repay a claim like Thine,
Human, close, and tender ?
'Tis my heart Thou askest for—
Lo, I yield it Thee, Lord !
Oh, to love Thee more and more,
As Thou lovest me, Lord !

So within Thine open heart
Entering unbidden,
Mine may in its inmost part
Lie securely hidden ;
Thine Thou gavest me before,
I give mine to Thee, Lord !
Oh, to love Thee more and more,
As Thou lovest me, Lord !

Here my heart is stablished fast ;
Here is rest securest ;
Here can love repose at last ;
Here is safety surest ;
In the cleft of this dear Rock,
Where no foe can fray me,
Sheltered safe from every shock,
Jesu, Lord, I lay me !

JANUARY 3, 1874.

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